steps, like mo; old ash-tree.' or a life-long vow

itcher, if you let go; ng like a sea-shell, ring to and fro. e ebb in Newton bay, as the tide grows less. wsaway of the world's success." er way for love to flow;

own heart it must go, cup of your hand, my maiden faith thereon, lettered stone above er of Saint John."

n the gleam of the faint light,

neart rose, and the cold hand re of her faith sprang, sweet on the never-ebbing tide of love—a tear.

—R. D. Blackmore, in December Harper's.

"I suppose it isn't right to say such a said winsome Elsie, with a laintive sigh, to her friend and confiant, old Nurse Barnes: "but I often sh I'd never been born. Nobody ows what to do with me, and I cerelv don't know what to do with my-

ear, dear!" said Mrs. Barnes, are they going to do with you?" lon't know," said Elsie sadly. Joseph wants me to go and the factory. He thinks I might elve shillings a week, after I had w weeks' practice. not hard work," said Mrs.

"You'll soon get used to it, One can get used to any-

Perkins, the housekeeper," went on "I was there a week in the Oh,"-with a long breath,full of books, don't you know, and a hall where they hang nothing but pictures. I used to creep all over the place, when the squire was gone out on horseback, and Mrs. Perkins was taking her after-dinner nap. I used to sit down in the silk chairs, and fan myself with the big scented fans, and make believe I was a great heiress, with lots of serwants to order about."

"Oh, Elsie! that was making very bold," said Mrs. Barnes, with an awestricken shudder

"Yes, I know," confessed Elsie; "but it was only making believe, after all, and nobody knew. But I saw Mr. Raven twice, and he talked to me just as kind-oh! a deal kinder that Uncle Joseph does. And he told me the names of some of the rarest flowers, and offered o lend ne books out of the grand li-But Mrs. Perkins told Aunt by that I am too idle and awkward ervice. So now I don't know her I am to be bound to Miss the dressmaker, or sent to learn tificial flower trade.

most a pity, ain't it?" said Mrs. looking sympathizingly at Elsie. est then, as she surveyed the large es, the cheeks glowing scarlet teir stain of gypsy sunburn, the aceful figure in its outgrown the fancy suddenly crossed her that, under some circumstances, Elsie Linn might be almost handsome. "You see, I have no one really belonging to me, said Elsie, sighing. Uncle Joseph was only my mother's half-brother. And they don't

now what to do with me," "What would you like best to do?" said Mrs. Barnes, who was paring potatoes for the one o'clock dinner. "I should like to be an authoress, and write books," said Elsie, with kindling

"Bless me, child!" said Mrs. Barnes, "what do you know about authoresses?"
"Nothing." confessed Elsie; "that's he trouble. Or I should like to paint ctures, and to be famous; or be queen a country that was at war, and lead soldiers to victory, mounted on a black horse; or do something very it and grand, so that people might er forget my memory.

hed. Pour soul, there was perhaps a. e when she, too, had her wild dreams l impossible imaginings. Such things don't happen nowadays. said she. Women have to is, and wash and sew in this counnot ride to battle or paint grand

tures. Better leave off thinking of Yes," cried Elsie, with a start, as the ck struck twelve. "And Aunt Betsey I be wanting me to set the table. st hurry home. How she will scold

But to Elsie's infinite relief, when she ched home, Aunt Betsey met her with

Come in quick, child," said she, nd change your frock. Mr. Raven is "Oh!" cried Elsie, with a skip over

e door-step, "am I to be Mrs. Ferkin's "We don't know," said Aunt Betsey mysteriously. "Time will show. Don't jump about, my child. Try to take short steps, and be a lady. And, oh, hat a dreadful tear that is in your

ess. Never mind now. Run quick nd change it as soon as ever you can, d then come down to the best parlor.' But long before Elsie Linn's simple et was made, an awful fear took posion of her that Squire Raven had c to tell Uncle Joseph of the big h of hot-house grapes which she . sub rosa, last spring and gave e Billy Sniffen, in the road, the she was at the Manor House.

with herself, "hanging there in little mite!-and did long I knew it was wicked, but on came over me so suddenldn't help it. And now if as told Uncle Joseph, and is going to scold me--" a deep inspiration of horare it as best she might. | temple. t frock, which was scant

and faded enough in all conscience, she descended with a heavy heart to the

"Bring her in! Bring her in!" said Uncle Joseph with & chuckle. "I never yet sold even a yearling calf without giving the purchaser a chance to look at his bargain-ha, ha, ha! And if you really want the child, Squire-Mr. Raven rose courteously and put a

chair for Elsie as she entered, with drooping head and cheeks aflame. "We are old friends," he said;

At the sound of his gentle, measured accents, the prickings of Elsie Linn's conscience became intolerable. She lifted her large startled eyes to Mr. Rayen's face. "I'm very sorry, sir," said she.

"Please, I'll never do it any more." "Do what?" said Uncle Joseph, star-

ing.
"I am quite at a loss to understand you," said Mr. Raven courteously. "The grapes, please," faltered Elsie getting redder and more confused than "I didn't pick 'em for myseli; it was for little Billy Sniffen, and-"Never mind the grapes, Elsie," said

Mr. Raven. "Let me see-how old are "Seventeen, sir," said Elsie in a low

"And I am seven-and-thirty!" said Mr. Raven slowly. "Do I seem like a very old man in your eyes, Elsie?" She shook her head, and then, boldened by the fact that Uncle Jos-

eph had disappeared, and Aunt Betsey was drawing water at the well, she the hero just like you. I won't call him Raven, lest people should find out; but

Ravenburn, or Belraven, or some such name. You won't mind, sir, will you?" Mr. Raven smiled a strange, serious smile. ; "Elsie," said he, "would you like to come and live at the Manor House?"

"Oh, so much!" she cried. "But Mrs. Perkins don't want me; she says I'm too flighty and too young."
"Elsie, you misunderstood me," Mr. Raven, with another smile. "I don't

Elsie's dusk face brightened.

mean as Mrs. Perkin's assistant-I mean as my wife. A sudden crimson flooded Elsie's face, neck and throat. All of a sudden the scales seemed to fall from her eyes; the world stood before her in its true colors. She was a maiden out of the pages of romance. Robert Raven was

"Elsie," he said, "could you teach yourself to love me? For I love you

her lover. He took her hand tenderly

with all my heart.' and laid her flushed face across on shoulder, and wept and smiled in turns. She had entered the room a child; she went out a woman, lover's arm. Even Uncle Joseph noticed the change, and Aunt Betsey vaguely wondered what had come to "our Elsie."

So Elsie's problem was solved. went to be lady at the Manor House, to gladden the heart of this modern King Cophetua who had fallen in love with the nineteenth century Beggar Maid. And as her dark beauty bloomed out into perfect loveliness, people wondered that they had been so blind. But Mr. Raven said quietly:

"I knew it all along. When first saw her picking daisies in the park, l knew that she was the most beautiful creature in all the country. I fell in love with her then, and I have been in love with her ever since.' But to Elsie the whole thing seems

like a dream out of the Arabian Nights.

Last May a year ago the junior edi-

tor of the Lakeview Examiner, with

# Joke on a Journalist.

some little assistance from ourselves, a quantity of mucilage, and a handful of tacks into a bed occupied by the editor of the Linkville Star. When the veteran of the quill shoved his legs between the sheets and the tacks penetrated his tender pink skin he set up in bed and inquired of yours truly whether our bed had any insect. inhabitants. He said he was experiencing sharp pains like wasp stings. We remarked care-lessly that while such pains were almost invariably followed by paralysis, we hoped he would live until morning. He made another dive under the covers. A cold, slimy frog was disturbed and began drawing its slimy length up the journalist's of leg. Two more awoke, stretched, and vawned, and with exultant croaks performed a double clog on the alarmed man's stomach, which was more than he could stand. He gave a yell, and sprung into the middle of the room. "Loos, Loos," he cried, "I'm growing cold—the paralysis is setting Ge bring two doctors, a preacher, and a gallon of whisky, for I'm nearly a goner." Just then a frog jumped out of the bed and struck him in the small of the back. As he had struck a light the time-honored journalist comprefis. Barnes first started and then hended the situation at a glance, and as he piled the bed sheets in a corner he remarked, good-naturedly "Gol darn you scamps-I wouldn't had such a fright for a hundred dollars." We laid

#### Yreka (Cal.) Union. Raising Pears in the South.

it all to Beach, and tried to induce the

Star editor to shoot him on sight --

Gen. George Sheridan has often been mistaken for the other general of the same name. He was at the white house once during the Haves administration when a delegation was announced. It was a horticultural convention which had called to pay its respects. President Hayes asked Gen. Sheridan to accompany him to the reception room, most of them thinking it was P. H. Sheridan to whom they were talking. Gen. Sheridan finally became reticent. and the president sought to engage him in further talk. The conversation between them ran about like this:

Hayes-General, have you much fruit n Louisiana? Sheridan-O yes. We have oranges and apricots and grapes in profusion. Haves-Do you have any of the hardy northern fruits-apples and pears? Sheridan-There are a few apples raised along the northern boundary of

the state. Hayes-Do you ever raise pears? Sheridan-Always, if we have three

There was a moment's icy stillness, and then a big, fat fruit-grower, with a roguish eye, unable to hold in, began to snicker, and in less than a twinkle of an eye they were all guffawing. The ad just got over the scarlet | president himself laughed with the rest. -New York Tribune.

A man living at Red Wing, Minn. has a pair of golden candlesticks which he says he dug out of an Indian mound at Waukesha, Wis., and which he thinks are the golden candlesticks which formea, but she must face her ed part of the decorations of Solomon's

A MUSKRAT'S PERILS. frapping the Little Animal Along the New

FRITTION

Jerley Marshet. "It is not nee ssarv to go to the northern latitude to learn to trap successful-

ly. Jersey will do for beginners. So spoke an old indigenous New Jersey fisherman as he sat on a sugar hogshead which rested on a South street Fer and tapped its head merrily with he big split-leather boots. His scraggy whiskers and weather bronzed, pleasant countenance, says the New York Times showed that he was one of those happy persons who had passed the period of life when youthful ambitions and aspirations never to be obtained had passed away, and peace and cortentment were now accompaniments of a frugal life. On his head was perched a cap of black fur, and gloves of similar material peeped from deep pockets of the old tarstained coat.

What started the old man was the presence of a pilo of steel traps, which glistened in the sunlight of a warm fall day. He eved them furtively and heav-The traps did not look at ed a sigh. all formidable as they lay in a tangled heap, with the four-foot chains spread out in every direction. They were of the latest pattern, light, but of strong, stiff springs, though not differing in any essential particular from the ordinary rat-trap that many a mind-beclouded tenant at a late hour has put his foot into while groping in the coal-cellar. At the end of the chains were little round rings, which would be used to fasten them to stakes.

"I suppose," continued the young man, "those fellows will be sent north to be used in mink trappin'. Ef I only had 'em in the meadows near my place I would make the muskrats howl They're thick down there, and I mean to make it hot for a few of 'em myself this winter.'

"Tell me something about trapping," asked a listener. "Waal," replied the old fisherman, 'you looks as though you needed a little of it to spread them shoulders of yourn and harden them museles," and he pinched the thin, soft biceps of the young weakling's arm. "There is nothing better to strengthen young fellows and build em up than trappin and trampin' over the meadows and through the woods. There ain't any money in it to speak of, but some fun, I should

Take the salt marshes on the Jersey coast and they are full of muskrats. while the streams further inland contain but a few. The muskrat is a respectable animal to trap. He is wary and on his guard in the more populous districts. In value his polt is not worth much. The prices paid for them vary to 30 cents spiece, according to the condition of the fur, and also the condition of the market. Some years

others. The pelts are use hats. Sometimes they are done up into furs and sent into the country to be sold under the name of river mink. course, as to a pecuniary return, there is not much to attract a young man or boy in this small trapping, but in it he will learn much about the mysteries of the brooks and the secrets of animal life, while the exercise he gets is bracing. The cost of axes, boots and traps will amount to as much as he gets for the skins. "Waal," continued the old man,

"there ain't much play in trappin', and its mostly work-hard work, too. You want to be well prepared for it. In the first place you must have warm clothing, for you will be out in most all kinds of weather, and nights, too. And in the mornin', when you get up early to go look at your traps, it's cold and raw. You must carry an ax or big hatchet with you to drive in the stakes to which the chains of the steel traps are to be attached. They must be driven in tight, too, or the animal will pull them out and away he will go, trap and all. Then you want a big bag to fetch 'em home in when you get any. These things, with a good set of steel traps, will do to commence with, and then the trapper may put in box traps and devise means of alluring the beasts. Some people use a little bait in the shape of a piece of turnip or apple to allure 'em. A piece of sweet apple is awfully good bait for a muskrat and he will try hard to get it. A drop or so of anise-seed on the pan of the trap is also quite an attraction for 'em. As a rule, however, these allurements are not necessary, and care to cover up the trap will be sufficient. The muskrat is a wary animal, and won't step square into a trap when he sees it. He's knowin', and if it ain't well hid he will step around it. But there's other things to catch besides muskrats. Ye see that cap?" and the old man took his headgear off. "Ye ee that cap? That's made out of catskin. There was a time when catskins was worth, 10 cents apiece, but they ain't worth nothin' now. In a season's work you will probably run against one or two mink, too. Real mink, too. Yes, and in New Jersey I've caught quite a lot of 'em first and last.' Catching muskrats is a common win-

helps keep the poor coastmen in to-

The muskrat does not come out of his lair in the daytime, except on rare occasions. Sometimes, on very dark, cloudy days, he may be seen swimming across the pond or down the river, with his head just above the water. He is an ugly-looking animal, of brown fur, black, webbed feet, with white claws, and long, white teeth. He is a fast swimmer, and his powers for staying under the water are enduring. At night they come out to feed, and wander miles over the fields in search of food. They travel over the same roads on these occasions and make little paths, which in trapping parlance are called runs. The steel traps are often set in these runs, and are carefully covered over with light material, dried leaves. and grass. The unsuspecting rat, as he travels along, will probably get caught. It is always better, if possible, to catch the lively little animal in the water, where he will drown. If on dry ground and the jaws of the trap have caught the leg pretty well down toward the toe. the rat, not being able to pull away. will gnaw off his leg just above where get it until next May, when the the trap holds it. This is often done, year of our separation will expire. and it shows the pluck and courage of the animal as well as its endurance. Many is the time the trapper will be

oond has a high bank, is a little hollow place under ground five or six feet from the water's edge. The entrance is under water. The hallway, after it has complain that the business there is a penetrated the bank, will turn up above | dismal failure. No true-bred Bostonian the level of the water, and there, in the would ever give a cent to a plebeian little dry subterranean chamber, he robber who should say, "Your money spends the day in sleeping or is busy storing away food for winter. The men can ejaculate, "Your pecuniary trapper is happy when he finds the en- assets or your existence!" his intended trance to these houses. He will spend victim is away out of sight. - Somerville time in poking with a long stick under (Mass.) Journal.

the bank for these places. When found he places the trap under water just in the entrance. If the rat is caught he will probably . drown, as the weight of the trap and his efforts to get away will tire him, and finally, exhausted, he sinks below water. In the small ponds with low banks the muskrats often build houses of cornstalks or grasses. Whole families live in these edifices, which are sometimes built several feet above the level of the water. The entrances, and there are usually several, are under water. Inside they are fitted into chambers-cozy little places lined with soft grasses. A favorite mode of catching the rat in his own house is to cut off the top of his domicile and lace the trap in one of the little rooms, arefully covering it over with a part of is soft bed. The rat when found alive caught in a steel trap will fight furious

, and many a blow on the head will he receive before he will give up. He is courageous, and on his own part will make the attack, as young and old trappers will testify. When there is no way of escape he immediately gets ready to resist. A dash is made at the trapper's leg, and if he once strikes a howl of pain will escape the poor trapper, while the long sharp teeth will hold on ith a grip that would shame a bull-Too venturesome amateurs someime come home with fingers hanging by shreds and big holes in their hands. e result of too much freedom with The box-trap is the favorite for streams, as it is easily made, and often

several rats are taken in one in a single night. It consists of a long, straight ox, rectangular in shape, made with entrances at both ends large enough to admit the rat comfortably. In the ends are placed gates made of stiff wire, slanting toward the inside of the box, so that it can be lifted up easily by the rat going in, but cannot be opened out-ward. Spaces are left between the wires so that the water can run through easilv. The box is sunk in the middle of s stream and securely anchored with big rocks. Then a row of stakes is driven from the box to the shore, firmly imbedded in the bed of the stream. They

are usually run a little up the stream so as to form a sort of fence down to the trap. The rat coming down the stream finds himself between two walls of stakes and can not get through. He follows along to the trap: then he dives under in his efforts to get through the blockade. His nose comes in contact with the wire gate and it lifts easily; he passes in and on through. At the lower nd he meets the lower gate, which slants in, and cannot open it. If he turns back the same difficulty meets him at the other end. In a short time he drowns from lack of air. Sometimes, in a stream thickly inhabited by rats, the trapper will find his box full in the morning when he makes his rounds, and the next night he wil

In the spring. more. ming long distances, the box traps will yield a large return for the capital expended. It is a job to keep them in repair, however, and when big storms come the stakes will likely be washed out by the floods and perhaps the trap go floating down the stream. Here is where the hard work comes in. Another manner of getting the rats i

to flood them out. A small box trap is placed at the entrance to a house, and just below the stream dammed up so that the water will rise to such a height as to drown them out. As they attempt to pass out the main entrance they get in the trap, or if the trapper is a good shot he will kill the animals as they swim away. Moonlight nights there is sport in shooting the muskrats as they are swimming in the ponds.

A New York reporter, who has been interviewing Miss Templeton in regard to her husband's (Billy West) application for a divorce, obtained the following: "What Billy says is true," said she. "I did agree to give up acting when I was married, and I intended to when I promised, but I couldn't get along without it. You see, I've been brought up to it, and couldn't help it. That was the only cause of trouble be tween us. Some people have an idea he did not treat me well. That's all nonsense. There never was a more good-natured fellow in the world, and we're on the best of terms still, for that matter. He always comes to see me when he's in town, and never goes away without a pleasant little chat. "Why did I marry him? Well, that's

just what I was asking myself to-night while I was dressing. I guess I had a mania for getting married. They say i strikes all girls sometime, and I think I was struck pretty hard. Then he was a darling, handsome, young fellow, and thought a good little mite of me. When he asked me if he could have me I told him I guessed he could. I was starring in the south in comic opera at the time, and he was with the Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West company. I had known him for two years, and I was three years younger than I am now, which would make me just-well never er pursuit for dishermen and others in | mind how old. I had trouble at home New Jersey, and large quantities of them | and was tired to death of one-night are caught. The money got for them stands and cheap hotels, and thought I saw a good way to get out of it all. We

were married at Nashville. Tenn., one Sunday in May three years ago.
"Was the sun shining? Not a bit of it; nor the birds weren't singing. It was raining pitchforks and I wore a little green ulster to the wedding and a dress with one of the sleeves torn out. The Nashville papers all agreed it was a grand affair, though, and gave us a great send-off. I remember we stopped at a very cozy little hotel-a perfect little gem of a place. The proprietor could not do enough for us and the servants were as attentive as if we were tipping them with gold dollars. You see this marrying was a new experience for me and I remember all the details. I think I could describe every piece of furniture in the room, let alone the carpets and wall paper. We had a jolly time of it for a few weeks, and then wanted to get on my stage clothing and exhibit once more. Billy protested and I concluded that I loved my profession better than I did him. He tried for a while to get me back and then we came to an understanding. Both of us want the divorce, but I don't think we can get it until next May, when the third "It's been an experience to me, and

not a very unpleasant one, either. If it had not happened I might have run disappointed to find only a stump of a across some person nowhere near as leg in his trap or one or two toes.

The muskrat's home, if the stream or married, you see, and I did it. All that

THE PASTIME OF A SULTAN. Sadvck-Pasha relates the following, from the private live of Abdul Azys, late

emperor of Turkey: He was accustomed to remain in his coultry-yard for whole hours, feeding he lowl from his own hands, admiring and caressing his favorites. Not seldom, through his ennuchs, did he call the fair inhabitants of the harem, that they, too, might participate in his favorite sport. Sometimes he ordered his wives and oda isques to catch some of the birds which he himself pointed out. The running and jumping of the women greatly amused the sultan, and those who dis-tinguished themselves by their skill and gility, received rich presents. Besides this, in the basins and ponds of

the various palaces and kiosks were assembled large flocks of tame water-fowl: but the sultan was especially fond of fighling cocks, to which he gave the names of emperors, kings, statesmen, and other important persons. Among these cocks were Franz-Josef, Garibaldi, Bismarck, Napoleon, the Czar Alexander, Emperor William, Fuad Pasha, Ali Justa, and so on.

The number of cocks constantly increased. It became customary for every

digritary sent to the provinces on some state affair to present to the sultan, on his return, either beasts or birds. Once a certain Boitor, a veterinary, in

the fank of a sub-colonel, Mechmet-Effendi, sent to Asia Minor, brought back an uncommonly large and bel-ligerent rooster, and presented him to he palace steward, asking him to give is some to the fowl. The bird was brought to the palace at a time when the padishah was very angry with his ministers, Fuad and Ali. Noticing the arge rooster, he ordered him to be let oose on the feathered namesakes of the ninisters. The new champion attacked his antagonists with such ferocity that the rooster Ali was killed on the spot and Fuad was carried half dead from he battle-field.

The sultan became pacified, and inquired who brought the bird, remarking houghtfully that its owner must be an undannted man, if he could train such a rooster. Immediately the secretary of war received an order to promote Mechmet-Effendi to the rank of colonel, and on the occurrence of a vacancy, to that of commander of a regiment. A few days after this, the sultan be

ganda in Albany, and ordered that the costers bearing their names should fight with the newly-acquired warrior. In this case also military fortune was on the side of the latter, and his former fortunate owner was promoted to the rank of Iyva, or brigadier general. This cooster had also conquered the cocks William and Bismarck, when the emperor being for some reason dissatisfied with Germany, had used the same ethod to cool his tem

ame dissatisfied with Garibaldi and the

Italian king on account of their propa-

On another occasion, disgusted with is ministers, he ordered all the roosters bearing their names to be brought into the arena to metht Boitor. A ferocious and bloody battle occurred, the result of which was that only Boitor remarized on his feet, but slightly harmed; for this rooster tourney the General Mechmet-Pasha received the rank of general-in-chief, as commander of one of the five corps of the sultan's army.

gorascir, socretary of war, Hus seyn Avny, although he was well disposed toward Mechmet, coming from the same military school, could not restrain himself from exclaiming; "To whom shall I give the command of the army corps, to thee or to thy

rooster?" The new general-in-chief answered "To neither of us. I beg but one favor of you; dismiss me from the mili-

tary service. Mechmet-Pasha was an honest, straight-forward man; he did not wish to occupy a position in which he would only be injurious to his country. The ecretary of war asked permission to send him as governor-general to one of the provinces, but the sultan refused. "Let him remain here and raise roosters; that will be useful."

Thanks to the rooster, Mechmet-Pasha had, in the course of a few months, attained the rank of a general-in-chief. Truthfulness and common sense prevented him from accepting a command of any army corps, a place for which he felt himself unprepared. Therefore he did not lead the Turkish soldiers in the disastrous campaign of 1877.

This sad honor fell to the lot of other generals, who had acquired their positions as easily as he, and for similar service, confirming by their example the words of Napoleon I., that "with good leaders, badly organized and poorly clad armies can be perhaps made available; but, with the incapable, even the best provided and well-disciplined soldiers make but a very poor army.'

# A Log Chute.

One of the most interesting sights to be seen in the Sierras is the manner in which logs are sent down the valleys or river canyons from the timber heights above. A contemporary gives the following graphic description of one of these scenes: A chute is laid from the river bank up the steep mountain to the railroad; and while we are telling it the monster logs are rushing, thundering, flying, leaping down the declivity. They come with the speed of a thunderbolt, and somewhat of its roar. A track of fire and smoke follows them—fire struck by their friction with the chute logs. They descend the seventeen hundred

feet of the chute in fourteen seconds. In doing so they drop seven hundred feet perpendicularly. They strike the deep water with a report that can be heard a mile distant. Logs fired from a cannon could scarcely have a greater velocity than they have at the foot of the chute. The average velocity is over one hundred feet in a second throughout the entire distance; and at the instant they leap from the mouth their speed must be fully two hundred feet per second. A sugar-pine log sometimes weighs ten tons. What a missile! How the water is tossed in the air! Like a grand plume of diamonds and rainbows, the feathery spray is hurled to a height of a hundred feet. It forms the grandest fountain ever beheld. How the waters foam and settle, and lash against the shore! One log, having spent its force by its mad plunge into the deep waters, has floated o as to be at right angles with the path of the descending monsters. The mouth of the chute is perhaps fourteen feet above the surface of the water. A huge log hurled from the chute cleaves the air and alights on a floating log. You know how a bullet glances, but can you imagine a saw-log glancing? The end men the Yazoo swamp had ever seen. Mrs. Gen. Gilflory, Florence and Mrs. strikes with a heavy shock, but glides Pay me a visit some time and I'll intro-Property out — Brooklyn Eagle. quickly past for a short distance, then | duce you to the boys and take you out | -Brooklyn Eagle. comes a clash like the reverberation of with us some night. Come down this artillery. the falling log springs verti-cally into the air, and with a curve like men spotted, and we'll have five or six a rocket falls into the water a long dis nights' rare sport."-New Orleans Patence from the log it struck.-Sacra-

An agricultural school for girls has been established in France.

mento Bee.

Draining Enormous Marshes.

Few people are probably aware of the great engineering undertaking in which Russia has been engaged for years, draining the Pinsk marshes. These are so extensive as to secure special designation on the ordinary map of Europe, being, we believe, the only case of the kind, and in point of the area are very much larger than Ireland. Situated on the Russo-Polish confines they have become famous in Russian history as a refuse for all manner of romantic characters, and have remained an irreclaimable wilderness in the midst of a prosperous corn-growing region up to within the last few years. In 1870 the Russian government first took in hand seriously the abolition of this wild expanse, which owing to being perpetually more or less submerged and covered with a jungle growth of forest, prevented not only communication between the Russian districts on either side, but also between Russia and Austro-Germany. Consequently a large staff of engineering officers and several thousand troops were drafted into the region, and these have been engaged on the undertaking since. Up to the present moment about four million acres have been reclaimed thanks to the construction of several thousand miles of ditches and of canals so broad as to be navigable for barges of several hundred tons burden. Just now the engineers are drawing up the programme for next year, which comprises the drainage of 350,000 acres by means of the construction of 120 mile of ditches and canals. Of the 4,000,000 acres already reclaimed, 600,000 acres consisted of sheer bog, which have been converted into good meadow land, 900,-000 acres of "forest tangle," which have been prepared for timber purposes by cutting down all the underwood and thinning the trees, 500,000 acres of good forest land-forest oases in the midst of the marshes-hitherto inaccessible, but which have been connected more or less with navigable canals and thereby with of eroquet. Gratings would have to be the distant markets, and finally 2,000,-000 acres have been thrown open to cultivation, although only 120,000 acres have been actually occupied up to now. Besides making the canals and ditches the engineers have built 179 bridges, bored 152 wells from forty feet to eighty feet deep, and 425 from twenty feet to forty feet, and have made a survey of 20,000 square miles of country hitherto unmapped. When their task is finished Russia will have effaced from the map of Europe one of the oldest and toughest bits of savage nature of the continent, and a still, a small section of Old Town. The few years will suffice to render the effect on the minds of the orphans of the Pinsk marshes indistinguishable from close proximity of Washington's monuthe rest of the cultivated region of the ment could not be but highly beneficial

### Cupid's Postoffice.

ng Pinsk marshes, describing

don.

Throngs of hurrying people were hastening along one of the original thorough

tan heart. The white tric light cast a corspe-like pallor uj the varied countenances of the scurrying multitude. A reporter stopped at a tobacco shop which was quite like the majority of its kind. The tomahawk of the figure at the door bore the legend, "I'll hit you real hard." Through the curtained doorway could be heard the twinkle of a mandolin. A muffled form went in. It was a brigandish figure, capped with a cylindrical hat. The re-

porter heard the salutation and answer: "Buenas tardes, Senorita;" "Buenas tardes, Senor." Within five minutes the brigand reap-

peared and a brace of letters which he had clutched in his gloved hand were there no longer. The reporter ventured to open the door and found himself in the peristyle of a Cupid's crosstown temple. The presiding priestess was dozing upon a divan behind the cigarette counter. Above her hung a case with numerous pigeonholes filled with perfumed letters of the billet-douz kind. It was a "quiet" postoffice, and the senorita, was the post-mistress. Men came and went, bringing letters, leaving letters, wreathed in the same madeto-order beatific smile and all pronouncing in the very same manner "buenas tardes," which was the password. Sudhallway of the flashy flat house under which the dubious shop was situated. --"Alma mia," murmured the young ady who entered with a heavy tragedy

accent and a well-developed Delsarteau sigh. "A letter. Rosie, or I die." A letter was produced, for Rosie never disappoints her paying customers. Tranquillized, the young woman drew her veil tightly across her face. She had noticed the stranger. Then she asked of the senorita:

"How long since hubbie was here?" "An hour ago," was the distressed re-

"Have you any more of those dear little eigarettes?" she articulated, and after pocketing a package or two the young woman was off with a rush. The reporter asked the postmistress

how business was. "Madre di dios!" was the reply "Thanks to the ever increasing progeny of fools, business is good, and the holiday season as yet not at hand. I get a dime for every letter delivered, and am so popular among my patrons thatwell, the perquisites are not inconsider-

Then the reporter was permitted to examine the letters. Some were written in Fifth avenue script and some from Hoboken or thereabouts. Some bore the name of a well-known club, and others came from where the aboriginal tribe is worshiped exclusively .- N. Y. Herald.

"A hanging," said Col. Barbour, "is very old sport for us Mississippians. Down in the Yazoo country, where I live, when we grow tired of bear-hunting we get up a hanging party just for a change. You see, we locate some fellow who has stolen a hog, and on a moonlight night we send out invitations to the neighbors, and request them to join us in a hanging party. They always accept and come well mounted, and we go to the spot where the game is hived and string him up. I recollect to the use of the word "Almighty, last fall, when the boys got tired of deer- though Washington Irving, one of the driving and duck-hunting, that we got | chastest of American writers, had given up a little impromptu affair one night in | this very name to the dollar. Thus it honor of a Texan man who was on a was the play was changed from the "Alvisit to some of his relations, and before mighty" to the "Mighty Dollar." In daylight we treed four of the meanest the characters of Bardwell Slote and the Yazoo swamp had ever seen. Mrs. Gen. Gilflory, Florence and Mrs.

Gen. Robert Toombs recently defined a fanatic as "a man with big notions and very small points."

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

Millionaire Janes' Scheme for Getting Even with Millionaire Garrett.

The bitter emnity which arose some months ago between Robert Garrett president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad company, and Mr. Henry Janes in regard to the portico which the former has put on the front of his house, adjoining the Janes domicile on Mount Vernon place, says a Baltimore telegram. has assumed a decidedly interesting phase. Mr. Janes last summer applied for an injunction against the completion of the portico and gained his case. Then Mr. Garrett took it to the court of appeals, where it now is. During the past twenty-four hours the residents within the precincts of Mount Vernon place, sacred to society and the famous group of Barye statues, have been hor ror stricken over a report that Mr. Janes had said that, in case the court of appeals decided against him, he would give his house and ground next door to Mr. Garrett's to a colored orphan asylum. The property is probably worth \$150,000, but as Mr. Janes is a millionaire and the partner of Mr. Enoch Pratt. who recently gave the city over a mil-lion for a free circulating library, he will probably not suffer from want through his generosity. Of course the wealthy Mount Vernon people are wild with anxiety, knowing that if Mr. Janes should desire to wreak such summary vengeance on Mr. Garrett there would be no law to prevent him.

An acquaintance of Mr. Janes, in the latter's absence to-day, thus described the situation with grim humor: "A finer location for a colored orphan asylum could not be imagined. The ground is high and thoroughly drained. A few slight alterations would admirably fit Mr. Janes' house for the purpose. The cellar is dry and large, so that it might easily be cemented and converted into a croquet ground. Colored orphans are usually very fond of the innocent game put at the front windows of the upper stories in order to prevent the orphans from tumbling out and cracking their heads on the hard cement with which Mount Vernon place is paved. The climate of the square is all that could be desired. The view is exquisite, particularly to the east, embracing in that direction the Barye lion with his fiery tail in soulful repose, a big boarding-house on St. Paul street, and beyond the gray battlements of the city jail, surmounted by a beautiful green cupola, and further sources of the Dneiper. From an en- Every morning they could sit on the gineering, geological and scientific point | front steps of the asylum, clad in clean of view, the work is one of special inter- bibs and smocks (relieving each other est, and capable globe-trotters, anxious in platoons), and imbibe a comprehenfor a novel theme, might do worse than sive idea of history by gazing upon the spend a few months amid the fad- finely-executed statue of the Father of "Another desirable feature would be

his Country. changes in progress .- Engineering Lonthe contiguity of the Peabody institute. They could be taken to the nice concerts and lectures frequently given in that institution, and without necessarily tiring their legs might gain useful no-tions about music and travel, which vould be of great benefit in after life. A reekly visit to the Peabody gallery would also greatly develop their knowledge of anatomy. Then there are the upon rows of white marble steps in bed clean every morning. The orphans

Mount Vernon place that are scrub- bright future, and charity that reaches could sit upon them and toss jackstones | Faith, hope, and charity comprise the without being in danger of soiling their most difficult tripartite alliance there is without being in danger of soiling their clothing, an advantage possessed by few of the other sections of the town. "As for Mr. Garrett's brown stone portico, they could swarm all over that. For recreation they could catch on behind the stylish equipages that are so numerous in the square, and might steal rides and hoot at the coachmen in their ses as they prance proudly along. It probably would not take long for Mr. Garrett to get used to the orphan asylum.

gaudy livery and shy pebbles at the hor-After the first great shock of discovering one or more of the orphans climbing over the back fence, stealing his hot house fruits and frescoing the front of his mansion with bizzarre patterns in butter and molasses, he would settle down in a state of expectancy and accustom himself to being surprised at nothing. At first it may annoy himwhen serenely dreaming that he is standing over Jay Gould with an upraised tomahawk, in the act of scalping denly a secret door opened from the that subtle and aerobatic financier-to have his dream rudely dispelled by the piercing shriek of one of the orphans, who has eaten more than he could comfortably digest, or who is engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with another orphan for the possession of a sour ball or a toy drum. But having been several times thus awakened Mr. Garrett will grow hardened. In the winter time the orphans can slide down the hill that slopes toward the exclusive St. James hotel, or down the Monument' hill, and they can skate in the fountain in the Barrze plaza, or throw snow balls at the windows on the north side of the plaza.

Should Mr. Janes carry out the plan with which he is credited it would enormously depreciate property in Mount Vernon place.

#### "The Mighty Dollar." "The Mighty Dollar" is probably the

most successful play, financially speaking, in which the Florences have appeared. It came to be written in the following manner: Mrs. Florence, while abroad, was constantly amused at the French phrases which good natured and oftentimes wealthy but uneducated American women made use of with such an amount of misapplication and mispronunciation as to create the highest amusement at their expense. thought that it would be a first rate idea to transfer one of these persons from the stage of life to the mimic stage. She spoke to her husband about it and he agreed with her views. He also had had a character in his mind for a long time-that of a good humored but not overscrupulous lawmaker of the great west. They went to Ben Woolf, a clever journalist, and had him write a play to the wrist who didn't sit up with a good order with these two characters as the prominent features. Woolf did as directed, and the "Mighty Dollar" was the result. At first it was named the "Almighty Dollar," but the Am public which can tamely sy omit to Ingersoll's blasphemies, could not submit

The great Yuma bridge across the Colorado River was destroyed by fire ter, round about the Pole, that never and rebuilt within a week, the material distances varying from 50 to 750 miles. This is said to be the quickest time on thick. These conclusions are rejected record for such a piece of work.

Mary Anderson is accused of hav

learned the abominable English prac of turning the toes in; and the Alb Times wants her to turn the rascals of -Omaha Herald. "Beware of overeating," says a me cal advertisement; "it causes dyspep and death." Yes, beware of overeat Death, you know, loves a dining sha -Philadelphia Chronicle. A girl at Memphis has horsewhip her prospective father-in-law for deavoring to induce his son to break the match. This looks like a sole

WIT AND HUMOR.

warning for the young man .- Pittsbe Chronicle. "Ma, did you read in the paper, ab 'Vaccinating Bees' in Maine?" as Mildred. "Why, no, my dear," repl the old lady. "I did not even kn that bees ever took the small-pox."

Pittsburg Chronicle. Scene: Reception in Philadelpl Young gentleman-"Waiter, bring a spoon for the ice-cream, instead of fork." Waiter (from New York)cuse me; I clean forgot I vas this ni

in Philadelphia." It is rumored that one of our ma zines next year will publish an Am can novel the scene of which is not 1 in Boston; but it is not safe to beli such wild rumors until they are verifi -Norristown Herald.

A poet says: "There is always sorise somewhere." This is comforti.
To the man who is just going to there comes the happy consolation t somebody has to get up and go to wo -American Hebrew.

The stingiest man on record lives Hart County. It is sworn to and s scribed to by many witnesses that always gets behind a tree to look at watch for fear some one will ask h the time of day.—Hartwell (Ga.) S A correspondent traveling in N mandy tells London Truth that in

Church of Elbouf the other Sunday cure, after his sermon, said: "My de parishioners, please put only silver the plate, as it takes such a long time count coppers." "You say that the women of Timb too have their noses bored and w

jewels in them?" "So travelers asser
"Then a Timbuctoo woman must
like the Puritan yacht." "How do make that out?" "Because she has scenter bored."-Boston Courier. The Enquirer overheard a little 5year-old girl say to its mother last even-ing: "Mother, I believe God thinks I'm ing: "Mother, I believe God thinks I'm dead." "Why?" asked the mother somewhat astonished at the remark.

"Cause I haven't said my prayers for week."—Richmond (Ind.) Enquirer "I never was exactly buried alive," said an old clerk, recounting his experiences, "but I once worked in a store hat did not advertise. When I came out my head was almost as white as you now see it. Solitary confinement

did it."-Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. "It's through no fault of mine," complained a tired-looking young man, "that I came into the world. But I am here, and the world owes me a living." "Yes," was the reply, "the world owes you a living, but you haven't energy and underer ut we want

spunk enough to collect it."-N. Y. Sun. have faith in his wood-pile, hope in a out beyond delinquent subscribers. in this world to keep up with.-Baker

City (Ore.) Sage-Brush. Young Contributor (to country editor) -"Will you kindly look at this poem, sir?" Country Editor-"Certainly; we are always anxious for good poetry. [Reading.] H'm! On Linden, when the sun was low,' etc. [Handing it back:] Sorry, sir; it's very fair, but

not quite up to our standard. A call was made at the post-office this week for a special-delivery stamp. Postmaster Hawes asked where the party wished to send the letter. The appli cant said it was to go to Cuthbert, when the Postmaster told him that Cuthbert was not a special-delivery office. The applicant replied that it didn't make a bit of difference with him, that he proposed to try the new system anyway .-Lumpkin (Ga.) Independent.

"Papa, what is a tornado?" asked a routhful seeker after information. Glancing nervously around the room to see if the coast was clear, the old man said: "You have often heard your mother blowing me up for bringing company home without previously notifying her?" "Yes, sir." "Well, that is as much like a tornado as anything ! know of. But you needn't tell your mother that I said so, however. N. Y. Journal.

She had just dropped in for a moraing call on her way down-town. "Do you know, Cicely dear, said she, "that it is awfully warm; but I suppose I must wear this fur-trimmed dolman anyhow." "O, I didn't notice you had it on. Is it the same one you had last year?" "No, it isn't, I'd have you know. It's brand new and you knew it." It's a very bad practice, this making morning calls; always leads to the shedding of tears. - Hartford Post. A wealthy Dallas lady, just coming

from church, was accosted by a ragged urchin, who begged her for a dime. And what would you do with if I gave you one?" asked to "Please, ma'am, I'd buy bread," replied the lad. "Poor child," piously observed the lady, "you know not that man liveth not by bread alone. I have no dime with me, but if you will come to my house I'll give you a couple : tracts written expressly for little boys on the awfulness of gluttony."-Texts

"O, Gawge!" "Yes, darling." "1 fear, O I fear, that my parents will oppose our marriage." "What makes you think so?" "Why, you know, Gawge. ma thinks you're a fiirt. She saw you poking the fire in the grate last night. and she said you did it too well. She said no young man had that twist of many girls regularly. O, Gawge, are you deceived me?" "Deceiving you!

Naw! I got got that twist when I first
went into the restaurant business opening oysters. I am all yours, Ange-lina." "O. Gawge!"—Chicago Black Diamond.

Lieut. Greely's theories respecting the North Pole naturally meet with much opposition in England. It was his fortune during his imprisonment in the Arctic to upset the conclusions reached by Sir George Nares and his companions respecting the Palæocrystic Sea. Having controverted what the Engli explorers assumed to be facts, he cannot expect to have his own theories pass unchallenged. Lieut. Greely believes that there is an ocean 1.600 miles in diamefreezes; and conjectures that the Pole itbeing gathered up and sent forward at | self is the centre of an ice-capped land covered with ice from 1,000 to 4,000 feet by prominent Arctic authorities in Eng-